

Denis Brian Doyle

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

No. 208. Vol. 19.

JANUARY, 1931.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

The Medium Who Thrashed a Newspaper!

A RELATIVE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE, AS TOLD TO THE EDITOR.

ONE afternoon, early in December, a bluff and hearty gentleman, with a classical cast of features, called at the I.P.G. office, and introduced himself as Mr. Deacon of Australia. He mentioned at the outset that he was the medium who had been villainously slandered by an Australian newspaper called *Truth*, and who had been awarded £3,500 damages by the judge and jury who tried the case.

We recalled this *cause célèbre* at once, for we briefly reported it at the time in this *Gazette*, and it well deserves to rank as a landmark in the history of Spiritualism, for it marked the first occasion on which a wealthy newspaper was taught a sharp lesson that mediums, any more than other respectable citizens, cannot be injured with impunity. The days when the yellow press could enliven dull times by having "another go at the mediums," and by holding them up to contempt as frauds, tricksters, vultures, and what not, are passing, if they have not already passed. The Bill for their relief from police persecution has already passed its first reading in the House of Commons, and when that has fully become law they will no longer be cruelly harassed as vagrants and outcasts, as they had never any right to be. In fighting this iniquity in the law courts, no medium has ever achieved so great a triumph as Mr. Vivian H. R. Deacon.

A very interesting point worth mentioning is that Mr. Kelly, M.P., who introduced the Spiritualists' Relief Bill in the House of Commons, the Judge who tried Mr. Deacon's case in Australia, and the Junior Counsel who successfully fought for him, are all Roman Catholics. That fact should be noted and underlined with gratitude. It is difficult to understand why Protestant legislators and lawyers should have been so lax in clearing away the last remnants of religious disability oppressing a Protestant sect.

We had not talked to Mr. Deacon many minutes when he said, "Give me a piece of paper, I have to write." And thereupon he wrote automatically an acrostic, the nine lines of which began with the letters J-O-H-N-L-E-W-I-S. We asked him to add the author's name, and at once he added the initials, "E.W.W.," which we recognised as those of our old friend, Mr. E. W. Wallis, the late editor of *Light*, who used to write such acrostics, and whose son still writes them, claiming "it is a trick of the family!"

Next Mr. Deacon relapsed into trance, and after describing his inspirer, uttered a beautiful encouraging message from someone who claimed to have Sir Arthur Conan Doyle beside him, which message concluded with the words "William Crookes." The message was quite

characteristic of the great scientist, who was a valiant pioneer of Spiritualism, and who had personally given us his last public testimony that he believed in it to the end. The description given of him by the medium also fitted him perfectly.

We arranged to visit Mr. Deacon at his flat in Brixton one evening to get his story in detail, and the following is what he told us:—

EARLY DAYS AND FAMILY HISTORY.

I was born at Newbury, near Reading, England, in August, 1895, but the first fifteen years of my life were spent mostly at Broadstairs, in Kent. My father was a doctor, who died when I was very young, and after his death we went to Australia. My mother had married a farmer, and we lived in the bush until I went to Melbourne to begin my business career at Cole's Book Arcade.

My mother was a woman of some culture. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Browning. Her father was Reuben Browning, who was confidential clerk to Baron Rothschild for many years. Reuben Browning's brother was Robert Browning, the father of the eminent poet, so that my mother and the poet who wrote "Sludge the Medium" were cousins. I remember my mother telling me that she was once taken by her Aunt Sarah Ann to see the poet, somewhere in London. Robert Browning's father had married much earlier in life than my mother's father, so Robert was a man almost in middle age when she was still a little girl. She remembers his patting her on the head and speaking kindly to her.

ROBERT BROWNING SAYS HE IS SORRY.

Since I became a Spiritualist a spirit, who purported to be Robert Browning, has several times spoken to me at the seances of various mediums. At one seance in Sydney the

guide said through the entranced medium, "There is a man here with a beard; he gives the name of Robert, and he says he is a relative of someone in the circle." I did not answer, for I never thought of Robert Browning coming to me. The guide said he was for the gentleman sitting opposite the medium. As I was in that place, I said, "Is it for me?" and the guide answered, "Yes, he is Robert Browning." Now that name had not been uttered or even thought of till that moment. Then a much deeper voice spoke through the medium, in a hesitant manner, and apparently with some effort, saying, "I am so sorry; I am so sorry." I said, "Are you Robert Browning?" and he replied, "Yes, I am so sorry." I said, "What are you sorry about?" He said, "About that poem." Now at that time I had not read the poem about "Sludge the Medium," and did not know to what he referred. Then the voice seemed to struggle to say something further, but died away.

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Photo by Vaudry Robinson, Tasmania.

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VIVIAN H. R. DEACON.

Photo by Vaudry Robinson, Tasmania.

East Melbourne, at which Mr. Edgar Tozer was present. Robert Browning came again. He mentioned that he had spoken to me once before, but said he had not been able to get through very well then. He added that this whole thing was still rather repellent to him; he did not like to speak at seances; but he found he had to do it. Mr. Tozer asked him the reason for his repulsion, and he said he did not like speaking before strangers. I said, "If you are Robert Browning, will you tell me to what you referred when you last spoke to me?" He replied, "Yes, I referred to the poem I wrote about Home." I said, "Do you mean 'Sludge the Medium'?" and he replied, "Yes, I regret having written it; I have met Home on this side, and have changed my whole attitude." Then Mr. Tozer talked to him for a little while, and he left. I had in the interval read "Sludge the Medium," and felt sure that was the poem to which he referred.

MY ENTRANCE INTO SPIRITUALISM.

While I was still living in the bush with my mother and step-father I used to have visions and did automatic writing, though I knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism. I wrote a whole book in this way on "The Essence of Life," which was far beyond my years and normal knowledge. My step-father used to tear up any of my writings he could lay his hands on, and he declared I had religious mania. He was so bitter against my peculiarities, as he called them, that at last I ran away to Melbourne.

My first employer, Mr. E. W. Cole, was a Spiritualist, and it was through him that I began to realise that I was mediumistic. I was soon attending Spiritualistic meetings and circles, and rapidly developed as a trance and inspirational speaker. I have delivered addresses at practically all the Spiritualist Societies in Melbourne.

I also studied herbalism, my interest in the subject having been excited by a Chinese spirit doctor, named Cheong, who prescribed herbal remedies through me at seances and effected many cures. That led to my starting a herbal business, which I carried on for about three years, until I left Melbourne for Sydney, where I devoted myself entirely to lecturing, healing, and other Spiritualistic work.

It was while at Melbourne that I married. My wife was not then a Spiritualist, but became one afterwards. She is the daughter of the Rev. Philip Lew Tong, a Chinese Church of England clergyman at Bendigo, and her mother was formerly a Miss Baker, from Brighton, Sussex.

SPIRITUALIST LECTURING TOURS.

While at Sydney, Mr. McLeod Craig came from New Zealand in search of a Spiritualist lecturer to tour New Zealand for twelve months, spending three months in each of the large towns, Christchurch, Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin. I accepted his offer, and remained in New Zealand between two and three years, doing public and private mediumistic work.

Then I returned to Sydney, where Mr. Horace Leaf attended one of my direct voice seances, which he describes in his book "Under the Southern Cross."

After five or six years there I returned to Melbourne under engagement to the Melbourne Progressive Spiritualist Lyceum, the oldest Spiritualistic Church in Victoria, founded by Mr. W. H. Terry, which, though called a Lyceum, is not confined to young people. At the termination of my engagement I decided to settle in Melbourne, and have remained there ever since, with the exception of occasional visits to Sydney and Tasmania.

SPEAKING CHINESE WHEN IN TRANCE.

How I came to go to Tasmania was rather strange. One day Mr. Edgar Tozer called at my house, with a Mr. Cameron. Mr. Tozer said, "This gentleman would very much like to have a sitting with you; can he have it now?" I gave him one, without knowing whence he came, or anything about him. I went into trance, and when I came to after the seance, Mr. Cameron said, "Do you speak Chinese, Mr. Deacon?" I said, "No." He asked, "Have you ever lived in China?" I said, "Never." "Well," he said, "it is a most extraordinary thing. I have recently returned from China after twelve years' residence there, and a spirit who purports to be a Chinaman has been speaking through you. He spoke Chinese fluently, but could only speak the pigeon English that a well-educated Chinaman has learnt to speak colloquially. I have been deeply interested." He then asked me if he might bring his wife to a direct-voice seance. I consented, and they came to two or three, and received spirit messages from their friends of a confidential nature.

On their return to Tasmania, they interested Mr. Hughes, the chief Government Auditor, so much in their experiences, that Mr. and Mrs. Hughes made a special trip to Melbourne to attend some of my seances, which convinced them of the truth of spirit-return, and they begged me to visit Tasmania.

WHY MRS. CAMERON WOULD NOT COMMUNICATE.

Some months later Mr. Cameron rang at my door early one morning, saying he was in a great hurry as he had to catch the boat for Tasmania, but could he have a sitting? I said, "Certainly," and I went into trance. As soon as the seance was over he told me that my Chinese guide, Dr. Cheong, had immediately come through, his first words being, "Mr. Cameron, your missis is over here with us, and is very happy. She says she does not want you to grieve, because you know she is still alive and always with you." Mr. Cameron then asked whether she would speak to him through Mr. Deacon, and Dr. Cheong replied, "No, not to-day." Being asked why, Cheong said, "Because she tells me she has already been talking to you this morning for an hour and a half through another medium." I did not myself know then that Mrs. Cameron had passed over, and Mr. Cameron admitted that he had come straight to me from Mrs. Browning, a medium who lived a considerable distance away, through whom his wife had been talking to him for about an hour and a half. He told me later that Dr. Cheong had described minutely his wife's symptoms prior to her passing over, and he was able to verify these details by questioning the doctors after his return to Tasmania.

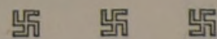
Mr. Cameron, by relating these incidents, caused a great deal of interest in Tasmania, and as a result I was invited to go there, and delivered lectures and gave seances in Launceston and Hobart. Some wonderful phenomena were seen at my seances at the Hobart Lyceum Club, and thereafter a psychic library was started by Miss Bisdee, a well-known author and journalist, and a University Professor, where regular seances are still held.

MY CASE AGAINST "TRUTH."

For many years I have longed to revisit England, but have never felt I could afford to come with my wife and family until after a famous libel case, in which I received substantial damages. An Australian weekly newspaper called *Truth* printed a scurrilous article, denouncing my mediumship as false, and insinuating that I was intemperate and immoral. In consequence I issued a writ for libel, and claimed £5,000 damages. The case came before Judge Cussen, and a jury in the Supreme Court of Victoria. The newspaper employed two King's Counsel while I had only a junior barrister. The trial lasted six days, and the jury returned a verdict in my favour for £3,500 damages and costs. An appeal was taken to the High Court of Australia, and was argued before five Judges, who would not interfere with the judgment of the lower Court, but suggested that Counsel on both sides should confer on the question of damages. In the meantime I had issued another writ because during the hearing of the case the newspaper had published a one-sided, untruthful, and malicious version of the evidence. The £3,500 was reduced in conference by the Counsel, but an additional sum was arranged in respect of the second libel, and my full costs were paid in the two cases, though it was part of the terms of settlement that the amount of damages and costs should not be disclosed. These legal proceedings dragged on for about eighteen months, and naturally caused me a great deal of worry and strain, which affected both my health and mediumship, and that is why I felt the necessity for this trip to the home country.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

I propose to remain in England for some months, and will lecture in London and the provinces as I may receive invitations, and thereafter we shall visit America on our way back to Australia. I feel I have still much work to do for Spiritualism, to which I have dedicated my life, and I shall follow the guidance of my guides and inspirers wherever I go.



SOUTH AFRICA'S CENTRAL BUILDING.

The Spiritualist Church of South Africa is erecting, at a cost of £5,000, a dignified church and offices in Johannesburg as a suitable centre for its spiritual activities. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle highly commended the enterprise, which is supported by Sir Oliver Lodge, Lady Moor, Dr. Lindsay Johnson, Mr. T. A. R. Purchas, and Mr. W. Round Saunderson. The late Mr. Ashton Jonson wrote: "It is absolutely necessary for efficiency in administration that the Spiritualists should have a central building in which to carry on the numerous departments of spiritual activities that the movement necessitates. I am proud to bear witness to the high ideals and noble aims of the organisers of the Spiritualist Movement in Johannesburg, and to the arduous and unceasing efforts they are making in support of the cause." Donations, however small, will be gratefully accepted by the Hon Treasurer, Spiritualist Church of South Africa, P.O. Box 4939, Johannesburg, South Africa.

It is the heart and conscience, and not the understanding, that has properly the perception of God.—Pascal.

A REMARK arranged held in the testimonies to distinguished with experiences if col book.

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The Survival League's Lectures. CAPTAIN H. W. SETON KARR'S REMINISCENCES.

A REMARKABLE series of public meetings arranged by Mrs. Dawson Scott were held in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 27, December 4 and 11, when testimonies to survival were given by many distinguished witnesses, whose striking personal experiences if collected would make a fascinating book.

A GREAT VARIETY OF EXPERIENCE.

"Age Relates Experiences" was the title of the first of the series, when the Rev. Dr. Lamond, Mr. Stanley de Brath, Captain H. W. Seton Karr, and Mr. R. H. Saunders gave addresses. "Novelists tell the Truth" was the second, when Constance Holme, Rose de Crespigny, Winifred Graham, Henrietta Leslie, and Margaret P. Willcocks told true stories of weird psychic happenings within their knowledge, which were quite as startling and convincing as the creations of their romantic imagination. "Navy, Army, and Airman Discuss Survival" provided the third evening's entertainment, when Brigadier-General R. B. D. Blakeney, C.M.G., D.S.O., presided, and the speakers were Commander Quentin Crauford, Major C. C. Colley, Major G. W. Bond, D.S.O., and Air-Pilot Robin Sanders-Clarke.

As it would be impossible to give even a summary of so many fine addresses, we select that of the famous explorer and big game hunter, Captain Seton Karr, for publication as a fair specimen of the series.

A SWEEP OF COLD WIND.

The Captain said he was one of the Old Guard of psychic investigators, as he began his researches about fifty-five years ago. He had just left Eton when he received some leaflets from a body of experimenters called the British National Association of Spiritualists, whose premises were in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The leaflets gave instructions how to sit for phenomena, and one day he darkened his room by nailing blankets against the windows. He was sitting quite alone when suddenly there came a sweep of cold wind around him, for which there was no normal explanation. He was so startled that he abandoned the experiment and did not repeat it.

PHANTOMS LEAD TO SAFETY.

When he was an undergraduate at Oriel College, Oxford, at the same time as Cecil Rhodes, he went during the long vacation to Switzerland, and scaled the highest mountain in the Phetian Alps, the Piz Bernina, with Coray and Hans Grass, two famous guides. A storm came on as they reached the summit, and they lay buried in the snow for twenty-four hours. While the storm was still raging they started to descend, and without knowing it were trudging along the very edge of the dangerous Morterach ice-fall or hanging glacier. Suddenly they saw the figures of two men through the mist and followed them till they suddenly vanished. They were obviously spectral beings. Then they soon found themselves in safety and were welcomed by a large concourse of guides in the valley below, who were preparing to search for them. They had been given up for lost, and had been prayed for in many churches on the previous day. This experience made him determine to investigate psychic matters further.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

These were the days when the Davenport Brothers, physical mediums, were able to give seances in the light to a large number of people, by sitting in a light-proof cabinet. A member of the audience was always in the cabinet holding them, but in spite of that materialised hands and limbs were thrust through the curtained orifices of the cabinet. Conjurers were continually giving imitations and claiming to have exposed them, but the phenomena were quite genuine.

CONJURERS WHO IMITATED PHENOMENA.

He (the Captain) studied the various methods by which such phenomena could be copied, under Professor Baldwin Hoffman, Anderson, "the wizard of the north," and others, and used to perform with them in public. When tied up he was always able to get free, even when tightly roped up by soldiers, sailors, Western cowboys, and Sanfiman brigands. Being expert in all the conjuring tricks he was quite competent to detect fraud when it happened, but that was seldom, though he discovered that sometimes genuine phenomena and fraud occurred together. While practising tricks to amuse people he found strange things sometimes happened which he certainly never did. Huxford himself admitted the reality of certain phenomena, and many conjurers were believers, like the secretary and librarian of the Magicians' Club.

WILLIAM EGLINTON.

The Captain said he had discussed psychical phenomena with many very eminent men, including Sir Richard Burton, the explorer, Sir Francis Gaulton, and Lords Kitchener, Curzon, Dunraven, and Northcliffe. He had sat with William Eglinton, one of the greatest of physical mediums, who convinced William Ewart Gladstone. On one occasion, in Great Russell Street, the materialised form of a big coloured man appeared under the gaslight within six feet of the Captain. The phantom accidentally knocked down the curtain shrouding Eglinton, and the sitters thereupon saw the figure immediately dissolve into a cloudy vapour, which seemed to enter the medium's body.

MATERIALISATIONS FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Captain said that about forty years ago the phenomena of materialisation were more powerful than they are to-day, and those he observed were of three classes: (1) genuine supernormal phenomena, not possible to imitate by conjuring; (2) genuine phenomena which might be imitated by trickery; and (3) pretended phenomena produced by trickery. He once took the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, who had just published his (the Captain's) story of explorations in Alaska, to a seance by Williams. The phenomena were genuine, and he was unable to explain them by any kind of trickery.

IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

One Easter he was staying with friends in Cheltenham in a house reputed to be haunted. The room he occupied had been the scene of strange happenings. He was told that not long before a maid-servant in a room on the upper floor had been grasped by the throat by a phantom, about two o'clock in the morning, and left next day. One of the sons on leave from India had been assaulted in the same way. He himself was awakened from a profound sleep by being shaken with two hands on his right shoulder. He called out, "All right; what is it?" but there was no reply, and he was soon asleep again, after telling himself it must have been a dream. He was awakened again by hands on his hips, which rocked him so that the whole bed creaked. The remainder of that night he slept with lighted candles and nothing more happened. At breakfast next morning his hostess and a young lady who had been sleeping together in another room said they had been disturbed by footsteps and knockings outside their door during the night.

LINGERING PSYCHIC INFLUENCES.

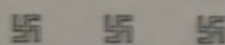
In the course of about thirty expeditions into tropical Africa, and an equal number in Asia and the Arctic, he had come across many cases where psychic influences seemed to be attached to material objects. He collected many dating from prehistoric times, and had presented them to nearly three hundred museums in all parts of the world.

AN UNLUCKY DAGGER.

Some years ago in the jungles of the United Provinces of India, when alone and on foot, he picked up a fine stone dagger. Almost immediately he lost his bearings and had no idea in what direction his camp lay. The implement was worth a great deal of money, but he had a feeling it was unlucky. He therefore threw it away, and soon thereafter found a path and came face to face with one of the forest guards.

THE HOLY MAN'S PROPHECY.

That same winter one of the so-called Holy Men of India, at Tirupati, told him he would soon have gold in one hand and emeralds in the other. On his way home he spent two months in Upper Egypt, and re-discovered the lost emerald mines of Queen Cleopatra at Jebel Zabara; and at Hieronkonpolis, his friend Mr. Quibell, who had charged of the excavations, entrusted him with a gold statue of Horus, worth a fabulous sum of money, to convey it down the Nile. And thus the Holy Man's prophecy proved true.



NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From L. N. Fowler & Co.

THE ASTROLOGICAL ASPECTS. By Chas. E. O. Carter. 4/6 net.

From L. S. A. Publications, Ltd.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH CONCERNING THE GOSPELS. By A. W. Trethewy, Author of "The Controls of Stainon Moses." 2/-.

THE PSYCHIC FACULTIES AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT. By Helen Macgregor and Margaret V. Underhill. With an Introduction by Dr. Fielding-Ould. 1/-.

CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL FUND.

THE Committee of this Fund is now issuing its official appeal for donations towards establishing a worthy Memorial in honour of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the greatest Apostle of Spiritualism the world has ever known.

The precise form the Memorial will take will be decided when the funds available are ascertained, but the object will be to promote in the best possible ways the highest interests of the Movement; and probably a World Centre of Spiritualism will be erected in London in which disciples throughout the British Empire, the United States of America, and foreign countries will find a veritable home of welcome.

The circular, with subscription form, is being inserted in this *Gazette* and other Spiritualist journals at home and abroad, and there is every reason to expect an enthusiastic response. Even before this appeal is issued subscriptions have been coming in. Last month we printed a first list of donations amounting to £88 12s., and we print below a further list, up to the middle of December, amounting to £127 10s., making the present total £216 2s.

SECOND LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
J. D. Hossack, Esq.	5	0
Mrs. McLaughlan	1	0	0
Miss J. M. Flint	5	0	0
Miss C. W. Percival	2	0	0
H. L. Mallett, Esq.	5	0	0
Hannen Swaffer	5	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	5	0	0
Miss A. J. Hawksbee	10	0	0
Nat. Spiritualist Ch., Carlisle ...	10	0	0
N. T. Maxwell	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Luke	10	0	0
Mrs. M. Gibbs	10	0	0
K. P. Guzdur	10	0	0
C. W. Smith, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Nelly Lord	3	3	0
Mrs. E. J. Thompson	1	1	0
G. Edwards, Esq.	1	1	0
E. Campbell, Esq.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bosito ...	2	2	0
P. Strickland	1	0	0
Exors. of Mrs. Durham	1	1	0
Oscar Leschciser, Esq.	10	10	0
Elizabeth Lady Mosley	20	0	0
H. T. Lovejoy	1	1	0
Florence H. Jefferson	10	0	0
Tom Charman, Esq.	10	0	0
Anonymous	10	0	0
Mrs. Tudor Jones	1	0	0
Alice Hart	5	0	0
C. E. Mitchell, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. E. L. Deane	1	0	0
W. A. Brown, Esq.	10	0	0
Sybil Lady Rhondda	25	0	0
Rev. W. A. Reid, M.A.	1	1	0
H. T. Pemberton, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. E. T. E. Lee	1	1	0
Miss Kent	10	6	0
Herbert Tiddiman, Esq.	2	0	0
Mrs. D. E. Radcliffe	1	0	0
W. T. Oversby, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Way	10	0	0
Mrs. Bisset	10	0	0
Mrs. Barbara McKenzie	20	0	0
H. E. Edwards	1	1	0
Elio Falche, Esq.	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Wormall	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Bullock (Proceeds of Transfiguration Seance held at M. Central Church)	3	2	0
The Rev. John Lamond, D.D. ...	5	0	0
Judge Ludwig Dahl	1	0	0

SPIRITUALISM IN A THEATRE.—(Continued from p. 50). in the upper circle during the play, and that the performance had been stopped.

"Immediately he rang off Zangwill telephoned telling me about the tragedy. He was greatly agitated, and said the corpse was lying in his office. I was interviewed by the newspapers, and told them the facts about the mysterious messages, which had proved to be only too true, but I could offer no explanation, for I then detested the very word psychic and despised Spiritualism and everything connected with it.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S HELP.

"Now for the first time in my life I am announcing my adhesion to Spiritualism. Admiral Armstrong will preside at our first meeting, fixed for January 11, and Lady Conan Doyle will be at my side. Her husband, Sir Arthur, played a great part in forming my new beliefs. To begin with, members of his family were affectionate friends of members of my own family, and so there was already a link between us when I was hesitating and groping my way on the subject of Spiritualism. I went to see him, and he spent a long time explaining all that puzzled me. This happened after the death of my wife, and I was in great distress.

"Since then I have been communicating through Mrs. Morris with some of the greatest intellects I was ever personally acquainted with, who have passed to the Other Side, and in collaboration with them have been doing work of great importance about which I am saying nothing at present. It is quite sufficient now that I should have the ordeal of announcing that I am a Spiritualist and am taking my share of the fighting. It will be a great surprise, no doubt, to many who have known me in my long Materialist life. It is a great surprise to myself. I pray it may encourage others to follow my example.

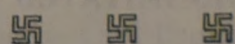
"Lady Conan Doyle has written me most enthusiastically and glowingly, a wonderful letter, such as only a great-hearted woman could write, saying how happy she is in the knowledge that help is being given to the Cause she has so much at heart. She said what I was doing was equivalent to raising an entirely new army corps for the Spiritualist battle.

MRS. MEURIG MORRIS.

"Mrs. Morris is, as you will see, a simple country girl, absolutely incapable of the Titanic magnificence and erudition of 'Power's' essays. As I understand it now from her guides, she has been prepared since she was six years of age for the great work she has to do. About seven years ago she got into touch with Spiritualism at Newton Abbot in Devon, and then migrated to the little Somerset town of Chard, and the flourishing Society there now is entirely indebted to her efforts. She has a most wonderful control, named 'Power,' who has been astounding audiences all over the country. She has engagements booked up to the end of 1932, but she has been sympathetically released for the dates when she will appear at the Theatre. She has never given any professional sittings, nor will she accept any fees for her work in connection with these Services."

SPIRITUALISM A LIVING FORCE.

In conclusion, Mr. Cowen said, "The whole object of these Sunday evening meetings in the Fortune Theatre will be to show that Spiritualism is not a matter of 'spooks,' but demonstrates the co-operation of the Two Worlds in providing humanity with a practical religion. It preaches the most beautiful doctrines of virtue and self-sacrifice. It proves that if we mould our lives here on the ethics enunciated by the great Masters, and in particular by Jesus of Nazareth, there will be a commensurate reward in the life beyond. There is a great philosophy in Spiritualism, perhaps the most wonderful that has ever been promulgated, but that has never been adequately put before the mass of educated and thinking people. When that aspect of our faith is driven home, it will in every way tend to the better conduct of our lives on this plane. Knowledge of continuity is not sufficient if the light of the soul has not been awakened."

**A CHIEF CONSTABLE'S TESTIMONY.**

Chief-Constable CRAWLEY, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in an article in the *Weekly Record*, says:—

"Psychic phenomena constitute either the biggest hoax ever foisted on a gullible public, in which event they merit the most far-reaching exposure, or, alternatively, their implications are so startling as to warrant an examination greater than has been accorded any other subject or group of subjects.

"Psychic phenomena do exist, and those who say they do not are simply ignorant. No one can dispassionately examine the records and still say they do not exist. Those who declare that the study of this subject leads to insanity should be made to prove their figures."

THE "Imperial" is well known was through Moses ("M.A. Spirit Teaching as "Imperial" "Prudens," and they had been Athendorus, an "Imperial Prophet"—is Miss Florence gifts, who, in remarkable qualities addresses of in circles held 1207 Sussex Avenue following was 0

THE "O-NIGHT," to Eternal. Life if it is our wish we must have the We must desire forward we, of none of us wish to go have left. Some pleasant and we ditions for ourself for a purpose. was God's gift to you think fit, either Now if you choose prevent you, from you do not choose seen so many sad And remember that bad and indifference choose to progress stand still; and stand still, and not to drag them down they will not stand one way or the other

A GREAT Now I do not side. I want to the loveliness the path. Our Master time past, has spiritual, a great strength There are centres to-day, and they be such a power to withstand that before the spirit come, or else the the materialism a beyond a certain point

THE Oh, we must do materialism that must do his part so much, if only hard to make come about it, you may and talk to some Gospel and plan mighty tree. So a word here and that, and take up make in your darling

For it is dark in that we have over our sorrows. We in your cares, but for you are so eager approach you. So to throw off all the can then come near but we can help you

And what, friends of cheaters. Each instead of each other

Life Eternal: A Trance Address.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FLORENCE HELSBY.

THE "Imperator" group of Spirit controls is well known in Spiritualistic history. It was through them that the Rev. Stainton Moses ("M.A., Oxon.") received his famous Spirit Teachings. Four of the group were known as "Imperator," "Rector," "Doctor," and "Prudens," and they claimed that in earth-life they had been known as Malachi, Hippolytus, Athendorus, and Plotinus.

"Imperator"—otherwise "Malachi, the Prophet"—is now claimed to be controlling Miss Florence Helsby, a lady with mediumistic gifts, who, in a state of semi-trance, delivers remarkable quaintly phrased and punctuated addresses of a spiritually uplifting character, in circles held at her own and her sister's home, 1207 Sussex Avenue, Montreal, P.Q., Canada. The following was one of the first that came through:—

THE WILL TO GO FORWARD.

T O-NIGHT, to-night I am going to speak on Life Eternal. Life as you know is never ending, and if it is our wish we pass from sphere to sphere, but we must have the wish to do this or else we stagnate. We must desire to go forward, or else if we do not go forward we, of necessity, must go backward; and none of us wish to go back into the same conditions that we have left. Some of these conditions are not always very pleasant and we must remember that we make our conditions for ourselves. You are placed on this earth-plane for a purpose. You have been given free-will. That was God's gift to you; and you use that accordingly as you think fit, either for good or bad.

Now if you choose the good, then nothing, nothing can prevent you, friend, from going forward, but oh! if you do not choose the good then, oh! then, oh! I have seen so many sad sights of those that chose the evil. And remember that on this sphere there are good and bad and indifferent. They are not all bad who do not choose to progress, but they are indifferent, and so they stand still; and by standing still they induce others to stand still, and maybe those that are evil are better able to drag them down on account of their standing still, for they will not stand on their own feet or take a stand either one way or the other.

A GREAT SPIRITUAL UPHEAVAL.

Now I do not propose to-night to speak of the evil side. I want to tell you to-night of all the beauties and the loveliness that awaits those who choose the better path. Our Master, at this present time, and for a long time past, has been preparing His plans for a great spiritual, a great spiritual—what shall I call it?—upheaval. There are centres of power developing all over the world to-day, and they, when they are brought together, will be such a power for good that the world will not be able to withstand that mighty power, and materialism will fall before the spiritual aspiration. It must come, it must come, or else the world will be lost, and it will be lost in the materialism and darkness, for God will not be mocked beyond a certain point, and then, and then, and what then?

THE TIDE OF MATERIALISM.

Oh, we must do our best to stem this terrible tide of materialism that is coming over your earth, and each one must do his part; and remember each one of you can do so much, if only talking about it. We know you find it hard to make converts, but then if everybody will talk about it, you may not gain that one, but that one may go and talk to someone else, and so you are spreading the Gospel and planting the seed that one day may be a mighty tree. So friend do not fold your hands, but say a word here and say a word there, and if you will all do that, and take up your cross, what a difference it would make in your darkened world.

For it is dark in comparison to the wonderful brightness that we have over here. But we too have our trials and our sorrows. We sorrow with you in your troubles and in your cares, but some of you will not let us get near you, for you are so enveloped in materialism that we cannot approach you. So if you will only try and induce others to throw off all this material growth, we the higher spirits can then come near you and help you, not only spiritually, but we can help you materially.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

And what, friends, is the business world to-day. Full of cheater. Each one trying to get ahead of the other, instead of each one trying to help the other, for there is

enough for all. But no, one must grab while the other goes without, and so it goes along. And why is that? Because the earth plane has discarded the teachings of our Master Christ. They think it is great to get ahead of somebody else, instead of going along as brothers and sisters, as we are told to do. And until there is a change in the heart of man this will still go on. But this spiritual transformation that is coming over the heart of man will make such a difference in conditions that this earth will not be recognisable.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

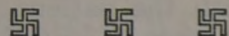
It has often been asked, what, when we pass from the earth life, what sort of life do we go into? Friends, as you have lived on earth so you pass into your other life. Whether it is to the plane of twilight or to the plane of gloom rests with yourselves. As you have spent your earth-life so you pass on to your other life. All your thoughts, all your actions, are indelibly marked. You come over and the horror of all that is brought before you, of all the mean little things you have done in your earth life, are before you and before you can progress all that has to be rectified. So our mission is one that should be endorsed, because our future is all in our own hands. As we think so are we. So we must be very careful of our thoughts, and let our thoughts be high, and not low and grovelling. Let us keep away from the earth. Be on the earth but not of it.

BE HONEST IN EVERYTHING.

We know in these days of competition that is a very difficult thing to do, but at least we can be honest—honest in our work, honest in everything we do. We may not have much time, we know, after business is finished for the day, to do very much, but at least we can devote a certain part of our time to the subject and try to make ourselves acquainted with the way our hearts and feet are trending, and see whether we are going up or whether we are going down. These are things that must be faced, and if they are not faced now they must be faced when you pass over.

And friends, it is much easier for you to face them when you are on the earth-plane than it is when you pass over. You will have all the help that can be given to you if you will only ask for it. Everyone of you has your guide and it is up to yourselves to see that he guides you aright in this way. Your guide may tempt you to do something wrong. Not that your guide wants you to do that wrong, but you have the knowledge of right and wrong and it is for you to think which is the way to go; and if you do that and think the right way and go the right way you will get stronger and stronger and stronger, and no temptation would cause you to go the wrong way.

May our Father bless this circle and may He keep you all in His way, and may you all be blessed in your undertakings for good.



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE ON THE PHOTO-SOUND SCREEN.

MR. C. E. CONAN, of 87, Hill Street, Perth, Western Australia, sends us the following striking tribute from an article on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the *Sunday Times*, a newspaper of that country "which has on many occasions published anti-Spiritualistic articles":—

It was not until his son had been killed in the Great War that the now late Sir Conan Doyle became converted to Spiritualism. Whether right or wrong, the new belief was a sustaining power and a wonderful comfort to the gifted novelist and general publicist, he being exceedingly happy in the belief of communication with the departed.

It is but a few short months ago that the esteemed litterateur was here in Perth per medium of the talkies at Hoyts, his charming personality being remarkably reproduced in physique, gesture, and voice. A strong and stoutly-built man, of rugged though genial personality, Sir Conan Doyle on the photo-sound screen was a revelation in calm, effective rhetoric, beautifully-modulated vocalism and compelling appeal.

Celtic in temperament, winning in mien and manner, he would easily make converts to almost any kind of creed, religion, or belief he chose to take for his text. Modest in putting forward his views, clear-cut in his dogma, and succinct in delivering the message to humanity he thoroughly believed in, he stood out a clear-cut personality of power, perception, and alluring charm, and sent his audiences away more attracted by his screen intimacy than even by his literary works.

How a Canadian Soldier was Restored to Health by a Visitor in the Astral.

By DORIS SEVERN, Author of "The Next Room."

IN 1916 Hilary (my husband) and I were living in a small ground-floor flat in one of our garden cities. A young cousin of his had come over from Canada, to join our forces. Just before he was considered fit for service typhoid fever broke out in the training camp where he was, and for a time we were very anxious about him.

In spite of the great difference in age, the two cousins were close friends, and kept up a steady correspondence. My husband and I were interested in Spiritualism, he being clairvoyant and I clairaudient, thus one supplied what the other lacked. The exercise of these gifts was, however, intermittent, and long periods of time passed by without their being used.

The attack of typhoid was very severe, and the last reports of our cousin were such as to leave very little hope of his recovery. One evening Hilary said, "I have been to see Laurie; he is very ill, but I think I have been allowed to help him. I feel sure we shall soon hear better news of him."

"Did he see and recognise you?" I asked.

"Yes," Hilary replied, "he was, of course, very feeble, but he certainly knew me, and was pleased to see me."

The next mail brought us a most cheering account of the sudden and complete rally of Laurie. The improvement continued, and he was soon restored to his usual health.

Curiously enough, I did not ask Hilary if there had been any confirmation from Laurie of the visit he had paid in his astral body, and I was not in the habit of seeing the letters that passed between the two cousins.

Now on this last St. Michael's day, Laurie had sent me a letter written by Hilary very shortly after the incident I have just described. The reason I was so long in receiving it was that Laurie had put it in a box which was then stored, and he only came on it quite lately. It reached me on the eleventh anniversary of Hilary's funeral. This is a copy of Hilary's letter:—

"I am so pleased, more so than I can tell you, that you knew you saw me. I only told you the bare fact, waiting to hear what you had to say about it.

"Now I will tell you more fully what happened. I was greatly concerned about you when I knew how seriously ill you were, and one evening when I was alone I determined to try to help you. I prayed God to allow me to do so if He so willed.

"Immediately, I found myself entering a small, rather bare room, and saw you lying on an iron bedstead, apparently dead. You were alone, but I said aloud, 'Leave me alone with the patient for an hour, and on no account enter the room.' Probably a nurse was there whom I could not see.

"I then sat on a chair facing you, took your left hand between my two, and told you to draw all the vitality you could from me; that your spiritual self had power over the physical; that you were to pray God for life for your wife's sake, and to will the diseased parts of your body to throw off the cause of the illness.

"At the end of the time the door was opened and a nurse looked in. I said, 'He is asleep, do not disturb him.' Then I made the sign of the Cross over you, and left the room. And as I did so, I was back here. Not that I was asleep, I was conscious of myself, and awake in this body, but quiescent, though active in the spiritual body. This is what is known as dual consciousness, and so differs from what one does during sleep.

"Later came the letter from Mrs. Strange, saying that there was practically no hope, and two days later another letter came telling us of your wonderful rally, and I knew that my prayer had been granted, and that I had indeed been allowed in God's mercy to help you. Not that I did more than tell you what to do; it was the power of your own spirit over your own body.

"Marvellous as this may appear, it is nevertheless true. I have had many such experiences. Yes, we have an astral body (I do not like the term), a spiritual body within us, as St. Paul says—'there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body'—(not will be). The latter is that in which the real man, the ego, will be clothed at death, and with which it is clothed whenever we leave the natural body, as all do at times, and especially during sleep.

"No doubt, in great bodily weakness the ego does free itself from the body more easily than when in robust health, and we may remember more of what has happened when we are away from the natural body. Matter as we know it offers no obstacle to the spiritual body, and distance, *i.e.*, space, is not as we know it. There is much

more that I could tell you on this subject, but it is too vast for a letter. Perhaps we may have an opportunity to speak of it some day.

"So few people realise that our natural body is only a covering or mechanism to enable us to live in contact with this world as we know it, and is not the real man.

"You cannot kill a man; you can only so damage the body as to render it unfit for his habitation. Then he leaves it, or as we say, 'dies,' and lives in his spiritual body, which is fitter for the conditions of the next life, and those conditions and surroundings will vary according to the way in which he has lived in this life."

Query—Was it arranged from the Other Side that this precious document should reach me on the anniversary of my husband's funeral, eleven years ago?

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. J. J. VANGO.

By ELOISE WARREN.

DURING my visit to London twenty years ago, when I was investigating Spiritual truths, I was drawn to the name of Mr. J. J. Vango. My mother and I paid a visit to one of his Monday night seances, and the proofs then given to us were astounding.

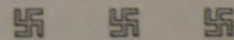
An old Zanzibar servant came through who had been over forty years in our family. He gave his name and mentioned incidents that had occurred. To our amazement he brought with him a Zulu who had worked under him in our home, with whom he could not agree while on earth. He was superior to the South African blacks and preferred to work with an Indian; the Zulu upset him.

I am not an expert in the Zulu tongue, but understand the Zulu dialect, and this boy came through Mr. Vango, who was in deep trance, and spoke in pure Zulu, with all its attendant "clicks." I was unable to follow everything accurately, so speaking in the Zulu dialect I asked him to speak the "Natal kitchen kaffir" to me, as I understood that better. This he immediately did, telling me he was "Sabalo," his name, but he was "Jim" to us. My mother could never remember "Sabalo," so changed his name to "Jim." He had deserted us because of a disagreement with Sam, the Zanzibar boy, and we had forgotten the incident entirely. He came back to apologise for his behaviour, saying in "kitchen kaffir," "Tell missus, 'Sabalo' is very sorry. 'Sabalo' liked all the children of the missus. It is nice to be here; Sam told me to come and see who was here."

As he was leaving he again broke into pure Zulu. Sam said Sabalo was very much surprised to be here, and added, "God is very good to let him mix with the great white spirits" (meaning in spirit-life). The wonderful part to me was that Mr. Vango had no knowledge of the Zulu tongue.

During my other visits to Mr. Vango at different times, close on a hundred spirit people were described by "Sunflower," his control, who were known to my family and myself, and many of them spoke to us direct through his mediumship. Sam, the Zanzibar servant, my grandfather bought as a slave boy of eleven years of age at Mauritius, and was a well-known visitor at Mr. Vango's circles for a few years and kept everyone amused.

Now, after sixteen years absence in South Africa I have come in touch with Mr. Vango again, and feel very grateful to him and "Sunflower" who did so much for us in establishing the proof that "There is no Death."



OUR EVENING PRAYERS.

If rest be in our heart when falls the even,
True rest, the holy calm which Thou dost give,
Then shall we feel the heavenly city near us,
And in its sweetness with our loved ones live.

Those dear ones, whom we loved when dwelling with us,
We love them still; true love can never die;
And every hallowed thought and vow unbroken,
We know they feel them—and our faintest sigh.

The spirits there and here are one communion,
By power of faith, and deeds of truest prayer,
And that Great Love which bids our souls awaken
From earthly agony—to scenes more fair.

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"The Reflectograph" in Holland

By HARRY VAN WALT, The Hague.

ABOUT three months ago, during a visit with my wife to the "W. T. Stead" Borderland Library, we were introduced by Miss E. W. Stead to Mr. B. K. Kirkby and Mrs. L. E. Singleton, of Wimbledon Park, London. As many English readers know, Mrs. Singleton is not only a fine direct voice medium but also a trance medium, through whom well developed materialisations are obtained. Mr. Kirkby has invented under spirit guidance the Reflectograph as well as the Communigraph.

Mrs. van Walt and myself were so impressed by these new inventions that we invited Mr. Kirkby and Mrs. Singleton to come over to Holland as our guests, and to hold a series of sittings at our house. I may add that spiritual life in Holland is very strongly developed, and we felt that their coming would prove to be an important event in the history of Spiritualism in Holland.

They came at the end of November and left two days ago. I feel that English Spiritualists will be glad to hear that the sittings their fellow countrymen held at our place met with the greatest possible success. The Dutch investigators are very critical, but the proofs that the spirit messages received were absolutely genuine were so overwhelming that even those who were sceptical had to admit that neither subconsciousness nor the animistic or dynamic theory could explain the wonderful phenomena which took place.

For the first evening we invited all our friends, who would sit at our house in the course of the coming week, to a small hall in order that the mediums might get acquainted with them. After an introductory speech by myself, Mrs. Singleton went into trance, and through her Mr. G. Jobson, the spirit friend of both Mrs. Singleton and Mr. Kirkby, spoke for about an hour. He expressed his pleasure at being in Holland, greeted the audience, and delivered a most beautiful lecture on Spiritualism in general. After this impressive address, Mrs. Singleton gave clairvoyant descriptions, and the audience listened to a gramophone record of one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's lectures. Sir Arthur visited Holland about seven months before he passed to a better life.

It would carry me too far to describe every sitting held at our house during the following week. Suffice it to say that the evidence received of the eagerness of those who had gone before to communicate with those still in the flesh made every sitting a great success.

Through the "Reflectograph," as well as through the "Communigraph," we received messages in Dutch. I was privileged to hold for some time the fully materialised hand of my little daughter, who passed on some ten years ago, and after having touched this dear little hand and felt it all over it gradually dematerialised whilst I was still holding it. The shape became gradually more vague, and it slowly faded into a kind of vapour. We also heard her dear little voice. We felt in our own hearts the delight of the little one that she was thus able to manifest herself, and to tell her parents after several years that "There is no death; I am with you till we meet again."

Many of the sitters received communications from their loved ones, sometimes in English, but also in Dutch. It seemed to be more difficult to get the messages through in Dutch as the Dutch spirits had first to convey the words to "Ethel," the little English spirit guide, whose materialised hand tapped the keys of the "Reflectograph" and thus spelt out the words. As the Dutch language is so different from English, I quite well understand the difficulty the little English spirit guide was up against. The fact, however, that messages came through, proved their genuineness.

Mr. W. T. Stead as well as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle came through, and the latter greeted some friends amongst the sitters. With regard to Sir Arthur, I may add that a Dutch medium with extraordinary clairvoyant powers sat at my left hand side, and just before Sir Arthur started his message this medium said to me, "I see Sir Arthur Conan Doyle standing before the instrument." My mediumistic friend had met Sir Arthur when he visited Holland, and that is why he recognized him immediately.

We also had a private sitting with the "Communigraph," which is so sensitive that it can be operated without a medium, and works solely by invisible psychic force gathered from the sitters. We might call this a mechanical medium. We had excellent results.

I would like to add that all the sitters who came to my house during the week were personal friends, with only a few exceptions. They all belonged to the best circles of Holland. We had the pleasure to introduce our

British visitors to many titled ladies and gentlemen, including the Commander-in-Chief of one of our Colonial armies, doctors, lawyers, and well-known authors. They all admired the pleasing personality of Mrs. Singleton and the open character of Mr. Kirkby, and unanimously agreed that the noble task Mrs. Singleton and Mr. Kirkby have taken upon their shoulders should deserve the gratitude of all who realise the great importance of the development of Spiritual truth.

Spiritualism is the most vital question to the world. All nations should fight for it, and if that great sacred truth should once penetrate into the hearts of the human race we Spiritualists may be proud that we have spread that wonderful message which will help to bring "Peace on earth."

A CRYSTAL VISION AND A DREAM.

By S. FREAKLEY-BRITTAIN.

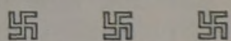
SOME months ago I had been thinking about a dear friend who had passed away earlier in the year, and wishing for some token of his survival. "Give me some proof that you can hear me," I said; "some sign to make me know you are there, and can answer." Like a flash, I got an impression to look in a crystal, a thing I rarely do.

I placed it before me, and almost immediately there built up in it the picture of an open grave, planked across, with the freshly dug earth piled on one side, and on top of the mound was thrown a gravedigger's jacket.

I searched my brain for some interpretation; then the picture faded out, and in its place was an archway leading to an old-fashioned church; this in turn faded, and I saw no more.

The same night I had a dream. I thought I was buying flowers at the market, and asked the florist to save me a number of little bouquets. They were small semi-waxen flowers, with deep pink hearts like a maiden-blush rose. I went further on my journey, and after a while, called back for my little bouquets. As I placed them in a flat basket, I noticed the last two were different from the rest. So I said, "You have given me two odd ones; but never mind, they are just as lovely."

Next morning I had news of the sudden passing away of a dear old friend, who was to be buried in the old churchyard I had seen in my crystal vision. I went to visit the home of mourning and took with me a wreath of flowers. Just before leaving we opened the box to take out the wreath, and my little son exclaimed in deep disappointment, "We ordered roses for the side, and they have put pink carnations." "Never mind," I said, "they are just as lovely."



THE YEARS—OLD AND NEW.

Once more we stand where old and new year meet,

"The parting of the ways,"

Where, pressing forward, tread our plodding feet,

Where, backward, turns our gaze.

And some look back with longing and regret

For bright days gone before;

And some desire the dark past to forget,

Because their hearts are sore.

For others it has been a rosy way,

With sunshine all along;

Their happy hearts have carolled every day

A cheerful, joyous song.

O days and months and years, beyond recall,

Is it not, that again

We yet may find the harvest, after all,

Of joy or grief and pain?

There,—where no time is reckoned by the hour,

By days, by months, and years;

There,—where the bud becomes the full-blown flower

And rainbowed are the tears.

So to the old "farewell," and to the new

A hopeful "greeting" give;

And, whether future years be more or few,

Look up, and truly live!

H. HALLETT BUCKNOLE.

THE International Psychic Gazette

The Independent Monthly Organ of
Spiritualism and Psychical Research.

All communications for the Publishing, Editorial, or Advertising Departments should be addressed to—

69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Spiritualism in a Theatre.

IT was in the Fortune Theatre, Covent Garden, that "The Last Enemy," the best Spiritualist play ever put on the British stage, was produced in the beginning of last year. And now, at the beginning of 1931, Mr. Laurence Cowen, the well-known author, playwright, publicist, and man of affairs, who built the theatre, is placing it at the disposal of a gifted Spiritualist medium, Mrs. Meurig Morris, to give trance addresses on Sunday evenings.

That is a noteworthy sign of the times, showing that Spiritualism is leaving behind the days when it could be regarded as of little account. Mr. Cowen's project is not a commercial venture; it is an altruistic gesture of a man who, having realised both the spiritual comfort and the intellectual satisfaction of Spiritualism, wishes that these advantages should be spread broadcast and be shared by others. He will bear the heavy costs of these Sunday meetings himself, and the collections taken up will be distributed to help the Spiritualist cause.

Mr. Cowen is a gentleman of a strong, vivid, and charming personality, and when he cordially received us the other afternoon in his theatre for the purpose of the interview printed below, he reminded us much of the reputed characteristics of his famous sponsor, Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was one of the greatest orators of his day, though he spoke with a Northumbrian burr, and who was universally esteemed as perhaps the most honest and upright man then in British politics.

On being asked for the history of the new project, Mr. Cowen said:—

FIRST CONTACT WITH SPIRITUALISM.

"I have lived a very worldly and adventurous life. I was on the eve of setting out eighteen months ago on a lecturing tour in America, when I accidentally dropped into a Spiritualist meeting near Harrow, in the Parliamentary Division where I was once a candidate. And there I heard Mrs. Meurig Morris deliver a trance address. That was for me a startling new experience, for I had never before been to a Spiritualist meeting.

"It convinced me as nothing else could have done of the truth of survival. For, speaking as a playwright, accustomed to all the arts of the stage, I knew that no one could have achieved by any acting such an amazing change of personality as was demonstrated by this young medium. She was a slim, modest, fragile, *petite* woman, who looked like a child, and yet while in trance she was transformed into the semblance of a huge man, with a voice whose vigour, timbre, and volume were like unto those of Chaliapin, and whose manners and gestures were certainly entirely foreign to her own.

THE TRANCE ADDRESS AND ITS EFFECT.

"And then the matter she rendered! For over three quarters of an hour there poured forth from her a stream of philosophy, science, and metaphysics of a nature so eloquent and profound that I had never heard anything like it in my life. I knew then for the first time what spirit control really meant as a living, vital force. I knew also that there was no other explanation of the amazing phenomena I had witnessed than that they were supernatural.

"There and then I made up my mind that if this opportunity had been afforded me to satisfy my senses as to the truth of life beyond the grave, it should be given to many others in the like agnostical condition I then was, who were prepared to learn and to receive evidence on which they could base a new opinion on the greatest subject of all.

"And so, strangely enough, and yet not strangely when one believes in the working of spiritual forces ever influencing and guiding us for good, the opportunity has been given me to carry out my intention, for here I am back again in this theatre of my own creation, in a position to place it at the disposal of this remarkable young medium for Sunday night services.



MRS. MEURIG MORRIS.

PHILOSOPHY RATHER THAN PHENOMENA.

"One characteristic of these meetings distinguishing them from most others, is that there will be no clairvoyance given after the addresses. It is not because I decry the value of clairvoyance, for but for evidence given me through that means I might still be a raging, ranting agnostic such as I had been all my life. But I do not think it quite appropriate to a Sabbath evening service. I think that the Spiritualist movement has often been too much associated with what I would call the lower strata of evidential instruction, and I consider that the philosophy, science, and religion of Spiritualism have in proportion been too little stressed. I have noticed at some gatherings I have attended that the beautiful simplicity and religious fervour characterising the first part of these meetings was often dissipated by the process of calling out names and descriptions, and peering into future material circumstances, which followed. That is all right in its place, and a necessary part of our education; one cannot make Spiritualists without the bricks and mortar of evidential facts; and we shall send those who are investigating where they can witness these phenomena; but I wish these meetings of Mrs. Morris to be, above all, instructive, helpful, and full of high inspiration for all who attend them. The phenomena are the A.B.C. of Spiritualism, but it has something vastly more important to give to the world."

A TRAGEDY IN THE THEATRE FORETOLD.

"Can you tell us of any interesting psychic experiences of your own, Mr. Cowen?" we asked, and he replied:—

"My first experience occurred in this theatre. Mr. Israel Zangwill, the playwright, and a life-long friend, was here producing his play, 'We Moderns.' That was in 1925; he has passed over since, and I have kept in regular communion with him. First of all I should say that my wife telephoned to me from our flat in Regent's Park to my chambers in Staple Inn; my wife, too, has since passed over. She said some man had rung her up on the telephone, saying, 'Tell your husband that something dreadful is to happen in his theatre to-night.' Then a weeping female voice interrupted, saying, 'Please don't say any more; it is too awful; don't.' My wife was puzzled, and said to her interlocutors, 'Why don't you speak to my husband himself?' and gave the telephone number of my chambers. My wife was the well-known authoress and poet, Baroness Gingsold, and when she rang me up it was to ask whether I had heard from the people who had given her the strange messages. She was psychic and was evidently much concerned, but I said it was all nonsense. I agreed to ring up the theatre and find out if anything was wrong. I did so, and was told everything was normal. That was about half-past six, and I went home to dinner and chatted my wife about her mysterious telephone chat.

"About eleven o'clock, after I had gone to bed, I was called to the telephone to deal with something 'urgent.' When I took up the receiver and said 'Yes,' I heard a voice say, 'The Evening News speaking. Can you tell us anything about the tragedy in your theatre to-night?' I replied, 'What tragedy? I have heard nothing.' The speaker said the news had just come in that a man, who was in company with his wife, had dropped down dead

(Continued on page 52.)

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OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE:

A MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUALISTIC AND PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY.

(This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.)

Personal Recollections.

MY SEANCES AT TAVISTOCK SQUARE—IV.

HAVING described my first private and my first public seance at the headquarters of the S.P.R., I now come to the proceedings on May 30, 1929.

THE SILENT LADY.

My task this day was to give a private seance to an unknown lady who took great care not to give me any indication that what I said was correct or otherwise, not even to the extent of a nod of the head or a word of approval! Nevertheless, I was quite content to experiment with her under these silent conditions, which permitted my clairvoyance to develop itself freely, without letting itself be affected by any exterior influence or by any interior logical deductions or reflections. The lady finally told me she was highly satisfied with her sitting, but she gave me no details as to the reality of what my clairvoyance had divulged!

SHORTHAND NOTES AND MICROPHONE RECORD.

As these experiments were made in the interests of science at the request of the chief Psychical Research Institution in Great Britain, I cannot see why these results should be suppressed. Shorthand notes of all I said were taken by a young lady, who spoke French just as well as she spoke English. The S.P.R., however, instead of publishing these notes alleges they are not sufficiently clear to be usefully studied or interpreted! I find that very difficult to believe, for the young lady did not seem to miss a word of what I was saying.

Then, in addition, I remember one of the officials (I believe it was Mr. Besterman) told me, "Besides the shorthand notes, we are preserving an exact record of your words by means of a microphone and an apparatus which registers all you say in an adjoining room." Now, with such means at their disposal, how can the officials truly say they find themselves embarrassed in publishing reports, with commentaries of my seances?

A THREATENED LOSS OF PROPERTY.

Let us not linger over this mystery, but proceed with the events of May 31. On this day I gave a private sitting to a lady, "Mrs. Y," when I had to speak almost entirely in German. During that seance I was obsessed by the fixed idea that my consultant was menaced by a loss of part of her fortune, on account of her having imprudently signed certain papers. She admitted that that was correct. I do not know whether she has since lost any of her property, but certainly at that moment it was in danger.

Another curious detail: every time I took this lady's hand to get in touch with her magnetism I had violent twinges in the eyes. This sensation became so painful that I was obliged to suspend our conversation for a little. At the conclusion of the seance I was informed that the lady consecrated part of her time to charitable work among the blind.

ANOTHER LADY CONSULTANT.

On Saturday morning I gave a private sitting to a lady in a small room. I do not know who she was, but her magnetism was cold, sleepy, and unresponsive. However, the seance was quite good, much being told her about private affairs that it would not be proper to refer to here.

A NORWEGIAN ARTIST.

In the evening I dined at the house of very amiable people, one of whom is attached to the staff of the S.P.R. Among the guests was a Norwegian artist. In saluting him on his arrival, I told him his family name (correct), and gave him many details about his uncle Eric, who, I said, was particularly occupied with works relating to stones. (He was, in fact, a marble-cutter, who made ornamental tombstones for cemeteries.) I referred to a family matter, to do with a relative named Anna, who

had been opposed by her parents when she wished to marry a cousin, whose name I gave correctly. I said to this young Norwegian, "You are a painter, but I assure you that your true artistic work is that of a sculptor." We went that night to his studio, and I saw his paintings. They were of mediocre interest, but I also saw some beautiful pieces of statuary he had done, which fully confirmed my mediumistic impression. I strongly encouraged this tall and loyal youth to devote himself exclusively to sculpture, and I should be glad to know whether he has followed my advice, which I am certain was good.

MR. THEODORE BESTERMAN SITS!

On June 3, I gave a seance to Mr. Theodore Besterman. Since he had come to see me at Montmorency I had remained struck by his enigmatic manner, by the systematic criticism he exuded, and by the obstinate defence by which he protected himself from being too quickly convinced. So I realised clearly that I was in the presence of a person who would only accept the most striking evidences of clairvoyance at the last extremity, and even then by making very prudent reserves!

Accordingly, when beginning my seance, I could not help thinking, "There is every probability that Mr. Theodore will attribute to lucky coincidence everything I may be able to tell him that is correct, for his scepticism is radical." This impression caused me a sort of sickly discomfort, which is easily comprehensible when one remembers that for good work a sensitive requires first of all some assurance that his consultant will respond to his efforts with frankness and sincerity.

In the result, the first part of the seance was of fairly good quality, but the latter part was nothing but a prolonged check. I felt inclined to tell him that his spirit of determined doubt was very detrimental to the free operation of my mediumship, but I restrained myself, hoping that later I might have some opportunity of getting home some striking proofs. To my regret, no such opportunity occurred, because during my series of public seances at Tavistock Square, Mr. Besterman was almost always absent. After my return home he sent me the following letter, which explained his being so little in evidence by "unexpected causes!"—

"DEAR MONSIEUR FORTHUNY,—Thank you very much for your more than kind letter. I am afraid we did nothing to deserve such warm appreciation. I very much regret that I had to abandon my own plans for your entertainment owing to unexpected causes, which kept me extremely busy during the time of your visit.

"Looking forward to the opportunity of visiting you again in the near future, I am, Yours most sincerely,

THEODORE BESTERMAN."

MESSAGES FROM OSCAR WILDE.

On June 4, I gave a private seance to an unknown person to whom I said, "You are of a nature very feeble and hesitating in all that concerns the feminine sex. You have recently undergone a cruel experience of a sentimental kind, which has cost you dear, not in money, but in deep vexations. That is finished, but you are beginning another romance with a person quite as redoubtable as the last. I counsel you to keep out of that affair as you would out of the fire." My interlocutor admitted frankly that what I had told him was correct. I continued, "You would be wise to postpone your matrimonial projects until you have attained your fortieth year." Then I told him he was an excellent medium, especially for automatic writing, and said I saw in the air the name of Oscar Wilde, from whom he ought to have received many messages. I concluded, "I address to you the posthumous salutation of a certain college professor, William Geddes, who has been dead several years." This greeting was acknowledged, and I learnt later that my consultant had received many messages professedly from Oscar Wilde, which had excited great interest among British Spiritualists.

That same evening I gave a public seance, and I shall speak of it in my next Recollections.

P. F.

The Chronicle.

THE HOROSCOPE OF A PRINCESS.

L'Astrosophie publishes the horoscope of the charming infant princess who was born at Glamis Castle, in Scotland, on August 21, 1930, at 9.22 p.m.

The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Saturn were at that moment "in their dignity" (to use the language of astrology). Jupiter was in the sign of its exaltation. These are all excellent influences to aid the princess to surmount unfavourable influences. There will be health troubles between the third and sixth year, especially about the age of four. The characteristics indicated by the positions of the planets are: originality and a spirit of independence; perhaps a little too much self-confidence; marriage will probably take place, but there is a possibility of a first engagement being broken off, and that marriage may not afford much harmony and happiness.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and the young princess's beloved parents will doubtless do all that is necessary to protect her from such untoward influences as the horoscope may indicate. Astrology is not a fatalistic science, but its indications may be very usefully heeded.

A MUSICAL MEDIUM.

The same review gives some particulars concerning Guiseppe Magno, a musical medium, whose faculty was discovered by Signor Alberto del Mercato.

Magno is now 23 years of age, but at the time of the discovery he was engaged in a manual occupation, and had had no instruction in music. One evening, while he was listening to music being played, he fell into a semi-trance, walked to the piano, sat down, and played with art and precision on an instrument he had never learned. A violin was then brought to him, and he played on it with facility and perfect purity of tone, though that instrument also was strange to him. And stranger than all, he was able to play any piece of music, no matter what, that was placed on the music stand in front of him. There have been attempts to teach him music in his normal state, but without much success. His particular genius is to play while entranced, and he has also developed the power of delivering trance addresses on philosophy, theology, literature, and art, with the varied intonations of voice of his inspirers, although he himself has only very elementary culture.

THE LITTLE FRIENDS INVISIBLE.

It happens often that little children assert that they have seen and played with other little children who are invisible to other people.

These children are certainly mediums, and their families do wrong to laugh at their stories. Mr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, the editor of *L'Astrosophie*, cites some typical cases:—

Lina Wertheimer lived at a little village in Wurtemberg. During the winter she often went into the garden to be with her little invisible friend, whom she called her brother, and although the ground was covered with snow, she used to bring back into the house exotic flowers which certainly do not grow in Germany. The pastor of the village, Herr Munster, refused to accept the child's father's belief that these flowers came from the devil.

In Norway a young boy was frequently punished by his governess for lying, because he used to speak of playing with a little friend invisible, near the fishing boats. One evening, however, the governess distinctly saw her pupil playing with a young boy, whom she believed to be a living being. She rushed towards them, but immediately the unknown child had disappeared. It was the little friend invisible, who had shown himself to her for a few moments.

GOETHE AND HIS VISIONS.

It is known that the German poet Goethe many times saw visions, and Professor Ludwig Jahn recalls the following examples in a recent article.

Goethe had a vision of himself on horseback, going along a road over which he was fated to ride eight days later. On another occasion, when on the battlefield of Jena, he saw the phantom of a French soldier. On the street at Weimar he had a vision of a friend from Frankfurt, wearing his dressing gown and slippers. When he arrived home he found this friend awaiting him, though he was quite unexpected. He had been surprised by the rain and been wet through. He had therefore donned his dressing-gown and slippers, had lain down on a couch, and fallen asleep.

THE CINEMA AND OCCULT PHENOMENA.

The official organ of the International Cinematographic Institute of the Society of Nations, proposes, at the instance of Mr. Albert Helwig, President of the Provincial Tribunal of Potsdam, to make use of the cinema in the observation of occult phenomena.

The cinema ought certainly to capture rapid apparitions, and to reproduce them with greater precision than any ordinary visual means. Mr. Helwig writes:—"A single cinematographic film, taken under perfect conditions, would have far greater documentary value than the most voluminous reports of savants, thanks to the projection on the screen of the supernormal pictures, apparitions of phantoms, ectoplasmic manifestations, and the phases of trance in the medium, as well as the radiations which may emanate from him."

The Review asks a question to which it is easy to reply. It says, "Would mediums willingly lend themselves to the taking of cinematographic records of their seances?" It need entertain very little doubt, for, thank heaven, there is a very great number of rigorously honest mediums who would be happy to serve the truth by lending themselves to such experiments as are here proposed.

A MEDIUM AT EIGHTY-THREE.

Mondo Occulto gives details of a remarkable case of mediumship developed very late in life.

The person referred to is a woman who developed writing-mediumship in 1927, when she was eighty-three years of age, and since then she has produced enough script dictated from the spirit-world to fill ten large volumes.

This venerable lady does not wish to be known, and would not give her interviewer permission to reveal her name, but she lives in the French town of Annecy (Haute Savoie) and enjoys excellent health.

Three years ago, when walking along a street, she suddenly saw to her great stupefaction a certain Dr. A., whom she had known of old in Florence, and who died sixty years ago. The phantom greeted her, shook hands, and disappeared. Next morning, when she awoke, after her customary good night's sleep, she heard the doctor's voice in her room. She rose, sat down at a table, and began to write the words which her invisible visitor was saying to her.

Every day since then, the old lady has written down long pages of what she hears. She declares, "I have only to note down all that is said to me, and it is necessary to write very quickly, though that is very fatiguing to my poor old fingers." This work has gone on without ceasing during three years. The matter concerns poetical, romantic, philosophical, and Spiritualistic themes, and is as rich as it is varied. I quote two little extracts as interesting examples:—

"None of the occult sciences, Spiritualism included, can be studied and demonstrated scientifically. The laws of matter are different from those which rule the Spirit. Matter is a concrete thing; the Spirit is of an etheric nature. The former may be analysed, and its weight, form, and colour ascertained, but the latter is imponderable and intangible. On earth one can do no more than anticipate the veritable nature of Spirit. It is necessary to live in the atmosphere of the discarnate in order to understand the soul's survival, and how it can manifest to those still living on earth. Without this experience, which belongs to the after-life, all terrestrial explanations are mere hypotheses."

"A large proportion of human actions is subject to impulsive forces. This impulsion is the result of acquired habits, which transform our actions into deeds more or less unconscious. You ought, my dear friends, to change this state of things, and define to yourselves as far as possible the precise reasons for your actions. And thus, by examining them, you will facilitate your acquisition of exact notions of the true, the beautiful, the good, the just, and the useful, which will conduct you towards a happy life."

The octogenarian medium has written prefaces to her several books, which she says have been dictated by Victor Hugo, Beethoven, Camille Flammarion, and others.

EMPERESS OF AUSTRIA'S CLAIRVOYANCE.

The unfortunate spouse of the Emperor Francis Joseph had several astonishing prophetic dreams.

One of the most remarkable is thus related in the *Ergebungs-Zeitung*:—Eighteen hours before her cousin, Louis II of Bavaria, perished in the waters of the Starnbergsee, the empress dreamt all the details of that historic drama, and she called out so loudly on seeing this vision that she awoke her chambermaids and told them, point by point, every particular of the tragedy which so speedily followed.

January, 1931

The Harbin article on the Lancelot Bricolage four years of already acquaintance.

From this we when nine years full light, without him and his. He regards me to His honour seek the truth. of physical phenomena do occur in his care how these supreme stress upon Jones, and other Eternal.

His seances and circle have been Visitors are only spirit-communication satisfied. Five two in cardboard to impregnate them are handed to him, on the floor trumpets fly around. The principal when on earth, a North African's broken English, beautifully.

The circle is as Sir William Crookes. W. T. Stead, spoken by the German, Chinese, Russian, Maori, Slovakian, holds language. The these languages at each seance.

Miraculous healers doctors as Abdul Ransome. For a hardened heart relieved. A boy night, greatly to

In the Direct writes as follows:

"The spirits of in most seances from the earliest equal to those of who were sons of honour in the early Indian spirits left have been in special capabilities when that, beginning of obscure facts—sifting constant in learning subtler advanced realms. scenes and forces than do the spirit the white man nature; but in prehending it. easily into the primitive exclamation minds as learned, communicate with good-will, willing cause, fellowship, need and admiration Spiritualists.

AN A

Mondo Occulto ghost story which Aretino, a dissonant at Arezzo in 1414. In the year daughter of a Venetian Serena, a bachelor was invited to the bride he fell madly

MR. LANCELOT BRICE.

The *Harbinger of Light* has an interesting article on the admirable mediumship of Mr. Lancelot Brice, "a tall New Zealander of thirty-four years of age," with whom our readers are already acquainted.

From this we learn that Mr. Brice became a medium when nine years of age. The "voices" came to him in full light, without the aid of darkness, trumpet, or music. To him and his circle psychic investigation is a religion. He regards mediumship as a gift from God, to be used to His honour and glory, and for the benefit of all who seek the truth. Apports, slate-writing, and similar forms of physical phenomena mean little to him, though they do occur in his circle. He does not know and does not care how these phenomena happen. What he lays supreme stress upon is the teaching of his chief guide, George Jones, and other mentors, that God is Love and Life Eternal.

His seances are strictly private. The members of the circle have been chosen by the medium and his guides. Visitors are only admitted if they already believe in spirit-communication or are honest seekers, not quite satisfied. Five trumpets are used, three in metal and two in cardboard. Every sitter handles the trumpets, to impregnate them with his or her magnetism, then they are handed to the medium, who places them in front of him, on the floor. After some hymns are sung, the trumpets fly around the room in the ordinary manner. The principal guide, George Jones, was a clergyman when on earth, and another guide, "Unison," was a little North African slave girl, who at first could only speak broken English, but now speaks English fluently and beautifully.

The circle is often visited by such illustrious entities as Sir William Crookes, W. E. Gladstone, Lord Northcliffe, W. T. Stead, and Raymond Lodge. The languages spoken by the spirit-communicators include French, German, Chinese, North American Indian, Hindustani, Russian, Maori, and Scottish. One sitter, a Yugo-Slovakian, holds long conversations with his sister in that language. The medium himself has no knowledge of these languages. From twenty to forty spirits speak at each seance.

Miraculous healing is done in the circle by such spirit doctors as Abdul Latif, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and Dr. Ransome. For example, a chronic goitre disappeared, a hardened heart was made better, and diabetes was relieved. A boy very seriously ill was cured during the night, greatly to the amazement of his earth doctor.

INDIAN SPIRITS.

In the *Direct Voice*, Mr. Owen R. Washburn writes as follows:—

"The spirits of American Indians are not to be regarded in most seances as of a low type. The Indians proved from the earliest times that they had minds of quality equal to those of white men. Dartmouth College students who were sons of various tribal leaders, graduated with honour in the early days of the colonies. Most of these Indian spirits left the world a very long time ago. Some have been in spirit land for centuries. They had great capabilities when they died, and it is fair to suppose that, beginning spirit life with a long training in observing obscure facts—such as wood-trails, hunting, war, and fishing constantly provided—they rapidly progressed in learning subtle and half-hidden truths as to life in advanced realms. Always closely identified with natural scenes and forces, they now return to earth more easily than do the spirits of white people. The civilisation of the white man prepares people for a life apart from nature; but Indians lived in nature, and by comprehending it. As the Indians return now they drop easily into the manners of their earth-life. Their primitive exclamations, however, may easily cover minds as learned, subtle, wise, and refined as can possibly communicate with people on earth. The remarkable good-will, willingness to do work for the Spiritualist cause, fellowship toward each other, and toward all who need and admire them, is well known to scientific Spiritualists.

AN ANCIENT GHOST STORY.

Mondo Occulto publishes a four-centuries-old ghost story which occurred in the life of Pietro Aretino, a dissolute Italian satirist, who was born at Arezzo in 1492 and died in 1557.

In the year 1534, Angela Torniben, the beautiful daughter of a Venetian family, married one Giann Antonio Berena, a bachelor of a rakish repute. The poet Aretino was invited to the wedding, and as soon as he saw the bride he fell madly in love with her, and soon sent her a

long poem, expressing all the ardour of his passion. Antonio, the husband, was naturally very angry with the poet, and forbade him ever to enter his home. Aretino was furious, but respected the ban, though he never forgot his admiration for the charming Angela, and often thought of her.

Now during the night of January 31, 1540, Aretino was suddenly awakened by a bad dream. He dreamt that he had been bitten in the finger by a scorpion, which had come forth from a tomb. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, saw that the dawn had just arrived, and then suddenly he saw Angela standing near the window and smiling at him. He was terrified by this apparition, and later in the morning sent his servant to the house of Antonio Serena to inquire if anything untoward had happened. The servant speedily returned with the news that the beautiful Signora had died suddenly in the night from an unknown malady.

The vision coincided in time with the moment of the decease, and Aretino remained profoundly impressed by the ghostly visit of the beautiful lady whom he had so passionately admired.

AN UNKNOWN EPISODE IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE.

Leo Tolstoy, in one of his novels, describes an episode in which a Russian officer was captured by a rebel tribe, faced with certain death, and then treated with great honour by his enemies, who finally conducted him back towards his own camp.

Up till now it has been thought that the incident was imaginary, but it was a veritable occurrence, and the Russian officer was Tolstoy himself.

It is an interesting point in literary history now revealed for the first time by Mr. Nard, the grand-nephew of a chief of Caucasian mountaineers, whose revelation is supported by numerous letters written by Tolstoy himself. They had been piously preserved in Mr. Nard's family until they came to him by heritage. They were addressed to Nahib Sado, the descendant of Mansour, a great warrior against the Russians eighty years ago.

At that time Tolstoy was a lieutenant in troops fighting relentlessly against the republican inhabitants of Daghestan, which has since been incorporated in Russia. These people had declared a holy and pitiless war against the Czar. Their great chief was Iman Sciamil, and they fought for the glory of Allah. To conquer them, the Russians had established a fortress at Grosny, in the heart of a wild country, and periodically they sent out from there punitive expeditions. Between such battles the troops became bored by inactivity, and, in spite of being prohibited, officers and men sallied forth on perilous adventures of their own. Some never came back. Made prisoners they became victims of a frightful fate. Their eyes were gouged out and their right arms cut off.

NAHIB SADO'S CLAIRVOYANCE.

One morning Tolstoy set out on horseback alone, defying all danger. He was surrounded in a defile, covered by enemy rifles, captured, bound, and carried off to Nahib Sado. As soon as this chief saw any accursed Russian captive, his martyrdom usually began at once.

The two men come face to face. Tolstoy looks at the sky for the last time. But the Mussulman chief on seeing him becomes strangely agitated. He hears a voice within him, and the voice gives an order. To seek counsel from his God he turns towards Mecca, then he says to his soldiers, "On this occasion I order you to make an exception to our custom. I declare to you, in the name of the Koran, that I have been warned by a voice whose command I must convey to you. Look at this man; he is chosen of God. His eyes must not for many long years cease to enjoy the light of day, and his right arm must not be cut off. I predict to you—and later you will know it—that his right hand will have a mission unique among all the hands of men. Take the chains off this officer; conduct him to the gates of Grosny, and Allah will reward you."

Accordingly Tolstoy was liberated, after having giving his promise never to speak of this scene to anyone. He kept his oath for in his book he made the hero of the adventure someone other than himself. And he never forgot Nahib Sado who saved him. The two men maintained an abundant correspondence for many years, and it is from their letters Mr. Nard has discovered a precious fact in the life story of Tolstoy which was hitherto unknown.

A CURIOUS MEDIUMSHIP.

Dr. Rolf Reinisch has been studying an unusual type of mediumship observed in a Czecho-Slovakian, 75 years old, at Bodenbach. The facts are related in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

This old man, thanks to long exercises in mental concentration, has acquired the curious power of withdrawing the weight from articles of small dimensions when he places them against the skin of his face, arm, or chest. In this position they do not fall; they remain suspended in defiance of the laws of gravity. A learned commission has investigated the phenomena, and decided they are not the result of any trickery.

Before his experiments the old man bathes the skin with alcohol to ensure that there is nothing tactile to which the articles adhere. And yet a knife, fork, table bell, and other objects remain unsupported just where they are placed. Sometimes the medium orders the objects to move along the skin in any direction indicated, and they obey. The phenomena are akin to telekinesis, the displacement of objects without contact, but they have this peculiarity that they are produced by the will of the medium and can be repeated as desired, which does not often happen with psychical phenomena.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MME. IDELER.

The Baroness V. Wrede has drawn up a report of some new experiments made with the medium Mme. E. Ideler, of Riga, from which *Luce e Ombra* has published some interesting extracts.

At various seances a spirit manifested, named Nina, whom the Baroness knew nineteen years ago at St. Petersburg. Nina gave very circumstantial details about her death, which occurred five years before these seances, and also about the time, long ago, when she and the Baroness had friendly relations.

She asked her former friend to go to a Greek Catholic Church and pray for the repose of her soul. The baroness, accompanied by the medium, went to this church, and both of them saw a great black cross appear beside the phantom of Nina. During the seances Nina spoke a very elegant Russian, though Mme. Ideler only speaks Russian with difficulty. Beautiful perfumes were also produced, notably of rose and heliotrope. Roses, fresh and odorous, as if newly cut, were apported into the seance-room. One day the medium thus gathered forty flowers in the air, and on another occasion the Baroness asked Nina to go to a public park and pluck an arum lily. She did so, and next day Professor K. G. Kruffer, a botanist, discovered the stem from which this lily had been broken, and certified that the flower had been taken from that spot.

The medium preserved many of the flowers that had been brought as apports, but one day they disappeared. Nina was asked if she had taken them, and replied that she had removed them to the house of the Baroness. The latter speedily went home and found the dried flowers under the cover of her writing table.

THE DEATH OF JOHANNES PALITSCH.

The German police have once more been confounded by the declarations of a medium, who has elucidated a mystery through whose shadows their own skill could not penetrate.

Mr. Johannes Patitsch, of Chemnitz, Saxony, went away with his wife for a holiday to Unter Granau, near Garmisch, in the Bavarian Alps. One day he set off alone for a walk on the mountain, and did not return. A search was made for him, without success, and at last Mme. Palitsch returned home to Chemnitz.

Three weeks later, Mr. Meyermann, a friend of Mr. Patitsch, called upon the widow and offered his help to find the body, as he had the gift of clairvoyance. However, he never went to the fatal neighbourhood, for in front of Mrs. Patitsch he suspended a little pendulum over a map of the Bavarian Alps. The pendulum swung over the map, dragging his hand with it, until it rested over a certain point, and he declared:—"That is the spot where your husband was killed."

Mrs. Patitsch sent instructions to Garmisch to make a new search at this place, which had not been explored previously. And, as Mr. Meyermann had announced, the body was found at the very spot indicated by the pendulum.

The police believed for a moment that Mr. Meyermann must have been the assassin! He was able, however, to give them clear proof of his innocence, and then they had to admit that he was indeed an admirable medium.

THE FAIRIES OF IRELAND.

Mr. R. Chauvire writes on this subject in *Le Correspondant*, a French review:—

"Near Galway I have been shown a hill with excellent arable soil, but it remains uncultivated, for the fairies inhabit it. If one speaks of fairies to the peasantry there they smile without replying, for you must not use that name—they call them 'the good people.' Forty

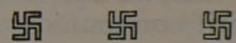
years ago a sorceress was burnt in the County of Tipperary. She was a somnambulist, and in the night had risen from her bed and walked out into the fields to find her immaterial sisters. It was her husband who denounced her, for he was terrified at the idea of having a spirit for a wife! The old men assembled as a Court of Justice to test the truth of his accusation, and his wife was put to the trial by fire to see whether she was made of flesh or was insubstantial. There is in Connaught a parish of Hughrim, where, in 1690, the last battle for independence was fought. On the morrow of the disaster, William of Orange put 4,000 prisoners to death, and ever since this field of massacre has been haunted by the fairies and remains intact."

4-37-48-50.

There are certain people who do not believe in premonitions. Their scepticism is, however, being laughed at by many Italians after the adventure that has just happened to a villager near Bari.

This man, according to press reports, went to the lottery bureau, and in anticipation of the next draw, he chose the four numbers 4, 37, 48, and 50, which, he said, had been shown to him in a dream by a person who was dead. The spectre had said, "Place your money on a plate, placed itself on an altar, and you will gain some bread." This phrase seems incomprehensible, but it becomes clear when one knows that in the Italian lottery, the number 4 is called *plate*, the number 37 *altar*, the number 48 *a dead person speaking*, and the number 50 *bread*. In operating on these numbers the fortunate dreamer is said to have won nearly a million francs! P. F.

NOTE.—Communications for our Continental Editor should be addressed to Monsieur PASCAL FORTHUNY, 10 Avenue Frédéric Forthuny, Montmorency, Seine et Oise, France.



"YOUR PLACE AMONG THE STARS."

By LILIAN WHITING, Author of "The World Beautiful."

EVANGELINE ADAMS, the distinguished American astrological author, offers a new book, "Your Place Among the Stars," which Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York, have brought out sumptuously bound in purple and gold.

It is not only a treasure of astrological lore for the serious student, but a fascinating recreation for the general reader who may be curious about this ancient science. Among other features of general interest are a hundred horoscopes of famous people, including King Edward VII, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Jeanne d'Arc, Queen Victoria, Cecil Rhodes, George Eliot, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Tolstoy, Dickens, Tennyson, Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Annie Besant, Adelina Patti, Thomas Edison, Savoronola, Abraham Lincoln, Gladstone and Cromwell.

To her chosen science Evangeline Adams brings a peculiar and perhaps unrivalled equipment. A descendant of the great United States President, John Quincy Adams, she comes of a highly intellectual family, and her brilliant imagination, her penetrating power of thought, her delicately intuitive insight, and a mystic strain that responds to all spiritual influences, endow her with exceptional powers.

Her voice is like rich organ music, and one cannot listen to her radio talks without feeling her vivid personality. During the summer and autumn of 1930, she gave radio talks on three evenings each week, which have tended to greatly popularise and familiarise the general public with astrology as a science significant in the affairs of life.

Evangeline Adams especially emphasises that astrology does not outline unescapable fate. It reveals tendencies, conditions, possibilities, probabilities, which may all be modified, fulfilled, or avoided, according to the knowledge of the individual. One may not be able to prevent a shower of rain, but one can minimise its effect by proper clothing and an umbrella. With the aid of a horoscope one may avoid dangers, take advantage of fortunate moments, and so conduct one's life intelligently rather than blindly. Several statesmen I could name and prominent men of affairs constantly consult Miss Adams and take her counsel, and in this way astrology is entering into the universal life of the United States in rather a striking way.

Silent thought is often better than argument; many people are not in a condition to be conversed with—W. J. Colville.

Transcen

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A CIRCLE

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THE MEDIUM

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Transcendent Spirit: The Circle at "Heaven's Gate."

A PSYCHIC STORY BASED ON FACT, BY WILL CARLOS.

A CIRCLE of Spiritualists meeting at a private house, called by its reverent mistress "Heaven's Gate," had succeeded in developing the psychic gifts of a young lady named Winnie Huce. Her mother, a widow, could not always accompany her on account of ill health. Her father, a man of birth and education but unfortunate, had come down in the world, and had passed away some years before, leaving them anything but affluent. Mrs. Floyd, the hostess, was a cheery but acute old lady, who had for many years been a convinced Spiritualist, and Mr. Hammond, the leader of the circle, was the kindest and most genial of men, and had wide experience in the phenomena of the Movement.

THE MEDIUM AND A COUNTER INFLUENCE.

Winnie Huce was a fairly tall girl, about twenty years of age. She was slight, pale, and dark eyed; but her hair was a curious mixture, sometimes revealing almost golden tints amid the prevailing darkness of her tresses. She was amiable, but modest, and so sensitive to spirit influence that she developed her gifts more rapidly than is usual.

Among the members of the circle was a Mr. Cameron, about thirty, or perhaps thirty-five, who was admitted because he was interested in hypnotic science, and desired to investigate. He was supposed to be a bachelor. Cameron was at first very sceptical, but at last was forced to admit that the evidences obtained seemed to warrant the Spiritualistic hypothesis.

Then it occurred to him to secretly exert his influence on Winnie in order to ascertain how far he could control her. He found that he could easily affect her during the incipient stages of her entrancement; he could impede the flow of the mystic source of her inspiration, and on one or two occasions so disturbed the conditions that no phenomena took place. Mr. Hammond charitably supposed that some electric condition of the atmosphere was the cause of the failure, and no one suspected Cameron.

THE MOTHER'S APPREHENSION.

Little by little Cameron's influence began to pervade Winnie's life, and soon she persuaded herself that she loved him. Even when he was absent she felt a static something she could not define which seemed to compell her acquiescence to his will. Mrs. Huce presently became aware of this and felt apprehensive, for she instinctively felt some repulsion to the young man. She took herself to task about it, and wondered whether it was merely a prejudice common to mothers with an only daughter, or whether it was grounded on some quality she could not approve in the man. She was forced to admit he was well behaved and courteous to Winnie, and respectful to herself, but after some days reflection she decided to talk to him, feeling it was her duty to ascertain his true feelings and intentions.

THE MOTHER TACKLES CAMERON.

One morning when Winnie was away on business, Mrs. Huce caught sight of Cameron passing, so she tapped the window, attracted his attention, and beckoned him to come in. He wondered what she wanted, but thought it better to go and see. Asking him to be seated, she opened fire.

"Mr. Cameron, I hear from my nephew that you are what he calls a mesmeriser, by which I suppose he means a hypnotist, and that at the club you frequently experiment on the members. Is that correct?"

"I am in for it!" he thought, but resolved to face it out. "Yes, it is correct," he replied, "but I am only an amateur and a student as yet."

"You believe it is possible to hypnotise people?"

"Yes, I do! But, of course, good subjects are very rare—perhaps one in a dozen."

"How do you proceed about it?"

He described the various passes, and explained the theory as it is taught in the text books.

"Are the passes always necessary; could you not induce the mesmeric state without using them?"

"Yes, it is possible, but the subject must be very sensitive—naturally so—before one could do that."

"It is a dangerous science, Mr. Cameron!"

"Like other sciences it has its risks, of course," he admitted.

"Yes, but the risk is generally on the operator; in your science the risk is on the subject."

"Not necessarily! There is little harm done really."

"Suppose a man elected to use it on a sensitive girl, would not that be dangerous for her?"

He coloured, and exclaimed, "No true man would do that!"

"Would you call a man a true man who was persistently trying to subdue a girl's will, while trying to ingratiate himself as a lover?"

"But if I do love her," he remonstrated.

"Don't say that! You don't love her! You may deem her a suitable subject for your experiments, but that is not love. You have impressed upon her mind that she is to marry you, but not by love's entreaty."

"PROTECTOR" INVOKED.

Mrs. Huce discussed the matter with Mrs. Floyd and Mr. Hammond, but the latter seemed so assured that Winnie's guides would protect her, that it was thought advisable to say nothing to the circle, and let Cameron come as usual.

They, however, held a private sitting with the spirit guides, at which Cameron was not present.

When Winnie was entranced they asked the "control" who was the chief guide?

"He is called Protector," was the answer.

"Can he come to talk to us?"

"Yes, he has done so several times, but he has refrained from naming himself; you know him as the Indian Chief."

"Is that Protector really? Well, he has proved a good counsellor to us many a time. Ask him to come?"

"He is here!" announced a very different voice.

"I have come to assure you that you need not be alarmed about the medium. Of course, we cannot prevent adverse earthly influences affecting our mediums, but we can and do safeguard them, and you will see that we are foiling the purpose of the magician who is trying to frustrate our development of this girl's undoubted gifts, and that gradually she will prove impervious to any influences of the kind."

"But you are putting her through a severe test, Protector!"

"Yes, for a purpose! It is written, 'Out of weakness cometh strength.' We have a means in hand to put a stop to it at once, but thought it better to allow it to proceed for a little while, and then bring about the climax."

With this assurance the friends were content, for they knew the medium was in deep trance, and quite oblivious to what was passing.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE FOR CAMERON.

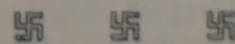
A month later Mr. Hammond organised a special meeting. A very noted medium from Manchester was coming down. Invitations were sent out to people interested who were not regular members of the circle, but, of course, the latter were included. When the night came about thirty people assembled, and Mrs. Huce accompanied Winnie.

After the opening hymn, and the medium had given the invocation, another hymn was sung, and the medium delivered a very inspiring address. Then the company were on tip-toe of expectation for the clairvoyance. A good many descriptions were given, some very convincing and evidential, and messages of a helpful nature. Finally he described a man to Cameron, and gave the name of Donald. Cameron asked for the second name. "Spielmon," came the immediate answer, and Cameron admitted that he had known a man of that name, and the personal description tallied. One or two little incidents which proved Spielman's intimacy with Cameron were given and acknowledged as correct.

"Has he a message for me?" asked Cameron.

"Yes! He says that you have been away from home too long, and that it is high time you went back to your wife and children!"

The words fell like a thunder-clap on the ears of the audience, and Cameron bowed his head in shame. The spirit-world had proved too much for him. No one attempted to speak to him, and so he walked out, and next day left the town.



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

From a Dutch Subscriber: "I love the *Psychic Gazette* and its Editor just for the honesty and fearlessness they have and show. *Its appellant un chat un chat et Robin un fripon.*"

An Oregon Subscriber (U.S.A.): "We like your *Gazette* very much, and enjoy the truth it brings to us on psychic matters."

An Advertiser: "I must say that more people who have consulted me have got my address through the *I.P.G.* than any other journal."

Letters to the Editor.

"DEAD" OR "RE-BORN."

88, Duke's Avenue,
Chiswick, W.4.

DEAR SIR,—Could there be no campaign against the announcement of "Deaths" in the press? I know we say "passed over" in our profound conviction of eternal life, but how beautiful "Re-Births" would sound instead of "Deaths" and "re-born" in place of "died."

I earnestly hope my suggestion may be adopted.—
Yours sincerely, REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

VOICES AND MATERIALISATIONS.

Wokingham,
December 5, 1930.

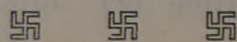
SIR,—Quite recently, on November 23, I was at a seance with a voice and materialising medium (there were twelve sitters) when there came the noise of an aeroplane buzzing round, just over our heads.

The friend next to me thought it was really a plane flying over the house, but I realised the noise was a demonstration of psychic power in the room. I exclaimed, "That must be an airman! Welcome, friend!" Immediately the trumpet patted my knees vigorously, and a voice said, "I am Hinchliffe, Captain Hinchliffe." I greeted him, and said how glad we were to have him there.

He then said he wanted our prayers for his comrades, who did not all realise that they had left the earth life. I said, "Those of the R. 101"? He answered, "Some of them, but many more besides, hundreds, many hundreds more."

He went round the circle asking all to send out thoughts of help and enlightenment to those hapless souls. The noise of the plane then whirled close above our heads, round and round the circle, up to the ceiling, and away.

There were many other spirit visitors who manifested that evening, and were recognised and greeted by their relations there. Among them was a great friend of mine, who went down with H.M.S. "Indefatigable" at Jutland. It was the first time I had seen him since, though he has talked with me often at sittings with various mediums.—
Yours truly, M. C. VOSS.



HOW A TRAGEDY WAS AVERTED.

By E. HARMAN.

I WAS in bed one morning when, with the postman's knock, I simultaneously received two knocks on my chest in the region of the solar plexus, so forceful as to make me jump violently.

I became overwhelmed with a feeling of impending tragedy. I felt psychically there was no letter for me, but that the postman had brought a letter or card for some one down stairs which would cause deep distress of mind.

I was strongly urged to get up quickly and go down and assure some person—"it would be all right," "to go," and "not to do anything dreadful they had in mind."

I felt a powerful force lift me up into a sitting position and literally throw me out of bed on to my feet, and I had to go downstairs (I could not stop myself).

I found my landlord in the kitchen with a razor in his hand, as if about to shave. I knew it was he and not his wife to whom I had to deliver my message. I said, "You have had a letter or card, just come by post, which has caused you great distress of mind, and I had to come down and tell you to go and it will be all right; that you are thinking of doing something tragic and you are not to. You will be in time, and it will be all right. Go!"

There was a high mantelpiece in the kitchen, and from this he took a card and tossed it on the table for me to read. He said, "Isn't that enough to make one?"

He told me he had tried hard to get work, but all in vain, except for short temporary jobs. During the war he had been a wireless operator in the merchant service, but not in the army or navy, although he had been in the danger zone. He had twice received letters or cards telling him to go for employment to firms some distance away, but in each case was too late, for the letters had in part been wrongly addressed, causing delay. And now this same thing was occurring for a third time!

But he did go, as I urged, and he was in time to secure the post. And thus what would have been a tragedy was averted.

He was only in this post a short time when his wife in tears told me she was in despair, for he had been discharged. I was impressed to tell her, "Don't worry; in one week he will return to the same firm, and get an even better post, which he will have for some time."

In a week he did return, and was given the position of an overseer over a number of men. He was there for some months until he went abroad.

SYMPATHY AND HELPFULNESS.

By V. MAY COTTRELL, New Zealand.

WE all desire that joy instead of sorrow shall find its way into the lives of others. Let that joy well up in us, in spite of the afflictions of those about us, for joy is a rare plant indeed, and its cultivation in the garden of daily life is immeasurably worth-while.

There is a source of joy and gladness within each one of us that life's fierce storms cannot touch. This joy is as invigorating to the souls of sick and sorrowful human beings as healing draughts of mountain air and abundance of sunlight are to their bodies. It depends not upon the outward conditions of life, but upon the soul health of the individual. A healthy, trusting soul fears no evil, and looks ever towards the Good for strength to rise above adverse conditions of any kind.

Let our hearts go out in love to others always, but we must not make their troubles and trials our own, for, by so doing, we allow ourselves to be blinded to the good and are thus rendered less capable of helping them in their need.

Joy is our birthright as children of God, just as true happiness is, and we benefit nobody, ourselves least of all, by allowing a spirit of sadness to envelope us on hearing of the sorrows, sufferings, and trials of others. A calm, hopeful attitude of mind under all circumstances is more beneficial to them in the end, even though they may resent an apparent lack in us of a full appreciation of their woes.

The only really practical and helpful kind of sympathy is that which seeks ever to lead the thoughts of the sufferers away from their troubles, grave though they may appear, towards the good which is ever awaiting their recognition.

We must not attempt to bear other folks' burdens. We should rather allow our own happiness and joyousness of spirit to rob the sad hearted, and the distressed in mind or body, of some of their burdens of sorrow and pain. Let the joy that is in us go forth continually on the wings of love bringing comfort and fresh hope and courage to the suffering ones about us. Happiness and gaiety of spirit are as contagious as their opposites, and are infinitely more worth-while, for they help to lift our fellows out of the sea of despondency into which their own lack of spiritual perception has plunged them.

MY VISIT TO PANNA AND ALLAHABAD.

By V. D. RISHI.

IN October I visited Panna and Allahabad for the propaganda of Spiritualism, and had varied impressions during the tour regarding the views held by the public about this subject.

In the meeting at Panna an old friend seemed to be entirely out of touch with the movement, because at the outset he stated that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had severed his connection with Spiritualism. Now this was quite false, for Sir Arthur had only dissociated himself from the Psychical Research Society, as he did not like their methods.

At Allahabad the meeting was presided over by an eminent physicist who tried to throw cold water on Spiritualism. He dismissed leading Spiritualists like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by saying that the former was only a newspaper scientist and the latter a writer of detective stories. Regarding Sir William Crookes, he said he had disowned the subject a few years before his death. All this is quite inconsistent with the facts, and shows how the votaries of orthodox science are prejudiced against this subject. Still, he referred to the vision of Swedenborg in which he could see a fire broken out in Stockholm, while he was in Germany.

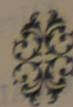
These experiences go to show the urgent necessity of spreading this knowledge, and enabling people to know the exact nature of life after death. There are persons scattered all over the country who are interested in the subject, and have got individual experience; but for want of organised efforts the people cannot get the proper advantage of their observations.

We had the pleasure of meeting an eminent advocate in Allahabad, who told us he had been getting remarkable messages through the mediumistic faculty of his daughter. The communicating spirit is his dear wife, who had passed over six months before.

Most of the visitors seemed to be obsessed with the idea of immediate rebirth, and failed to understand the possibility of spirit communication. We had to clear the ground and remove their doubts by citing several texts in the sacred books as well as our own observations. Everywhere there was an inordinate desire to witness demonstrations, without any previous study, and I had repeatedly to impress upon them that communication is not a theatrical performance.

January, 1931

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CLOSING DOWN SALE

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO BUY
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THE Psychic Bookshop is definitely closing its doors January 7, 1931, but arrangements are in progress for the Library to continue elsewhere. Information will appear in these columns as soon as available.

The Management wishes to extend its hearty thanks to those who have so faithfully supported the Bookshop in the past years, and hopes that in the Memorial, when it comes into being, the association may be continued.

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